



MY FIRST SKATE.

BY MARK CROFT.

The following poem reads capitally, and now that everything is on skates, it is decidedly appropriate:

The ponds were robed in winter's dress,
Of skating on the ice there was no lack;
And every day the papers—more or less—
The ice were cracking.

And beautiful it was, there's no mistake,
To see the people—some of the grumblers—
Skimming like pigeons o'er the glassy lake,
Gleefully with fenders.

Among the skates, there gliding swift along,
Were fenders and some other kinds of odd fish,
From poorest minnow up to triton strong,
Or the proud codfish.

Thousands I saw, the masculine and fair,
Some of these blooming like a bed of roses;
Some genuine Nova Scotians were there,
With their "blue noses."

Some were wrapped in muffs, some on the arms
Of living wags did lean, 't'acap the pushing;
While others were—doubtless to shun all harm—
Into arms rushing.

Some, in their frolic seemed to like the thought
Of being drawn by cables, the chairs while keeping,
Forgetting what else glimpses might be caught
Of coals by peeping.

'Twas fun to see some giddy little dear
Spin, like tea to turn, on her skates so steady,
But from such burning what have heads to fear
If turned aside?

I longed th' exciting joy for once to feel,
But the first taste of skating don't assure you;
A gimlet running slap into your heel
Begins to bore you.

And then those horrid straps so plagued my ears,
That my eyes wept as if I smelt an onion;
And—in my "progress"—I was a forlorn
Pilgrim of bunion.

I understand accounts and, for repute
Of balancing books am in good standing;
But balancing myself on skates don't suit
My understanding.

When I began, I wished the bracing air
Would brace me up, to keep my limbs from quaking;
I soon found that a screw was loose somewhere,
My pins were shaking.

Helpless I stood, not knowing what to do—
The fancy boys my piteous plight deriding—
Forward I couldn't, backward wouldn't go,
I hate backsliding.

My legs—now close, now sprawling out quite wide,
Like compasses kept opening and shutting;
"He cuts a pretty figure!" people cried,
'Twas very cutting.

Just then there came, flying along pell-mell,
Some fellow bang against me—such a bouncer!
My skates somehow mis-placed and down I fell,
Flat as a flounder.

Such an "iced punch" I never before did taste,
As that which then my cranium invaded;
Nor such a "smash" as—right up to the waist—
In mud I waded.

Philosophy—at times—its comfort brings,
But who can manage in a pond, I wonder,
Life's ups and downs and slippery times and things
Too coldly ponder?

I called for help as loud as I could shout,
And soon came running, men and women after,
Though not too buoyant, some boys pulled me out
'Mid roars of laughter.

Skating here-forth may slide—I've made my mark!
To call it fun is more than I can suck in,
Ah! I know it: I went out for a lark,
And got a duck-in'.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Re-

vengeful Vi, and The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPING.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GAMBLING HOUSE.

"No trace as yet?" inquired Cashton of Harry, as the latter detailed to him the account of an unsuccessful search for his missing property.

"Not a clue," responded Harry. "I fear I never shall hear of them. If I had the lockets they might keep all besides," he cried.

"Then the lockets were valuable?" inquired Cashton.

"Priceless—for it contained my mother's portrait," said the young man, sadly.

For a moment Cashton remained silent, as if absorbed in thought; then he suddenly cried in a tone of assumed gaiety—"Well, well, Harry, you must bear it like a philosopher. To-night we'll see a new phase of our city life, and we'll tempt the old lady at the wheel, for we'll pass our time in one of our crack halls. Are you agreed?"

"As you please," responded Harry. "I am willing to do anything."

"To-day," thought Cashton, "he drew his balance from the bank; to-night I must finger a portion of it."

Did he? We shall see. All that afternoon and a share of the evening did the two pass in visiting the many different places that line Broadway, and about ten o'clock they started on their proposed visit to a gambling saloon. By a far able pen than mine—have these quick-sands of destruction been oft-times described, so I'll not pause to give that minute pen picture of the establishment that may be expected, but merely dwell upon its general features.

The hell was situated on the first floor, or, as we might term it, a half basement of a fine brown stone building on Broadway (the building, by-the-way, belonged to a well-known officer of the law, whose duty it is to suppress such places, but he received a heavy rent.) The floor was divided into two apartments—the front one only opening on the hall—the back and main one facing directly, and by a small door communicating with a large yard, in which stood an immense cistern.

The front room was occupied as a supper-room, in which "spreads" were nightly provided, of which the members of the "Union Club" would not have been ashamed to partake.

The back room was furnished with a long table, covered with a green baize cloth, at one end of which stood a richly-cushioned arm chair, while round the sides were gathered some half a dozen smaller ones.

A brilliant chandelier, shaded by glass globes, hung directly over the centre of the table, and around this was gathered a group of men, deeply interested in conversation.

"And is this pigeon very fat, Tray?" asked one of them of Mr. Tray, whom we have met before.

"No, Livingston, but worth the picking, though," answered Mr. Tray. "Cashton tells me he has drawn some two thousand dollars to day."

"Who is the bird?" inquired a third one.

"His name is Lorrimer," replied Tray.

"Then," interposed Tom Powers, another old acquaintance, "you ought to let him alone, for he bids fair to become an accomplished sport."

"All well enough," chimed in Livingston, "but he must pay for his initiation."

"True, true," echoed several voices in the crowd.

"I say, Hovey," said Powers to the one who had inquired Harry's name, "how did you and the old 'un do on the island?"

"Middling; picked up a flat—dropped him for a sharp—skinned a couple of old toads, though," replied Hovey, who was scarcely twenty years of age.

"Good place to shove the queer, that, ain't it?" said a little fellow named Adams.

"No—old bullion country—take no rags but Long Island Bank," answered Hovey.

"Hell of a place for horses, though," said Adams.

"Yes, great on them. Can't rope 'em on a race, though; they know the pints."

"Couldn't we get-up something between our little bay and some of the flyers?" asked Adams.

"Might—but we might get scotched."

"Speakin' of queer," interposed Livingston, "who's getting it up now? The last on the New Jersey were tight papers; couldn't shove 'em on brag."

"Dr. Flack's doing the pictures," responded Adams; "the Pres. himself's going to do the signatures."

At this moment they were interrupted by the appearance of another young man in their midst.

"Boys," said he, "fine plucking to-night."

"How?" "When?" "Who?" ejaculated several of the party.

"Col. Aiden, of South Carolina, stops at the Metropolitan, wears a pin worth five thousand dollars, lots of money; he here at midnight," answered the new-comer.

"Who's roped him?" was the next inquiry.

"Who? who could rope him but Frank Fairman?" emphatically answered the young man.

"Well, Cook," asked Mr. Tray; "do you think he'll bleed?"

"Sure of it—don't care a d—n for money—bets on anything," replied Cook.

"Good; but who have we here? The Colonel; boys, no recognition," said Mr. Tray, in a low voice, as our two friends, Colonel Cashton and Harry entered through the folding doors.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, stepping forward. "Colonel, your most obedient, Mr. Lorrimer, your servant, sir. You see, gentlemen, play has not commenced yet; suffer me to introduce you, gentlemen. My friends, Mr. Cashton and Mr. Lorrimer."

Instantly were the two gentlemen surrounded by their apparently new acquaintances, for, in reality, Cashton was intimate with all of them, as the reader's sagacity has probably discovered.

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, in that easy, off-hand way that became him so well, "come, some refreshments await us in the next room. We will cement our friendship by a glass of wine."

"Or," interposed Cook, "in the words of Bulwer, 'in the glorious juice of Epernay, we'll sign the bond.'"

"I'm afraid 't would be washed out if Adams was near it," observed Tom Powers.

"More power to ye—I believe ye," rejoined Adams, "for I love my crumkin' as well as any one."

"There's miracles yet," cried Powers, "for he speaks the truth. Devil doubt ye, Adams, I've no doubt that before ye crossed ye were at many a rook-nen."

"Mona sin dhiaoul—hear the man—and I as good a citizen as John Smith," ejaculated Adams.

It was not long ere Harry had made himself agreeable to all of them, and they each felt for him a warm personal regard.

A splendid supper, comprising all the choicest delicacies, was spread before them, and never were such feats of trencher work done. Wines came with fruit, and, filling a tumbler nearly to the brim with glorious, crusty old Port, Mr. Tray commanded attention by saying, "Fill, gentlemen all, bumpers; I offer as a pledge, the new acquaintances; long may they live."

A universal expression of assent flew around the table, and the health was drunk with all the honors—that is, every individual member of the company inverted his glass on the table, to show that he had not shirked.

Cigars, rich, finely flavored cigars, were then produced, and soon a cloud of smoke, fragrant as incense, ascended.

"And now, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, "to the business of the evening."

"Pardon me," cried Col. Cashton, "but Mr. Adams has just begun a story I would like to hear through—but the rest of you can—"

"No, no," interposed Cook, "we'll wait for the story; we must all hear it."

"Yes, yes Adams' story, Adams' story," was the general murmur throughout the room.

"Gentlemen," said Adams, "the story is scarcely worth the telling."

"Go on," cried Powers, "was there ever an Irishman that wasn't modest?"

"Badda hurs," ye devil," cried Adams, "by the toe of the Pope, but ye're always interruptin' wi' your d—d balderdash."

"The story, the story!" cried several.

"Well, don't be makin' such a ruckshin' about it, and ye'll have it. Well, it's about five years ago, or more, perhaps, when I was travellin' like a gentleman through the Southern States of this blessed country, when I stopped at the city of Richmond, in the State of Virginia. It was about twelve o'clock, on a fine cool day. Well, there was the oddest lot of wagons and coaches of all kinds a leavin' the town that I ever see, and I've bin to many a fair at home. Arrah musha, thinks I, for the devil's up! and I axed the landlord of the hotel wherein I stopped. 'It's the race,' says he. 'A fot!' says I. 'A race,' says he; and wi' that I makes for my trunk, and I gits out a pack o' cards. As I was leavin' my room, I thought I heard voices, and I stopped."

"If you do this, Jim, I'll buy you, and give you your freedom papers," said somebody.

"All right, mas'r; golly, won't old massa be mad," said some one, who I knew in a minute was a nager.

"Well, Jim, mind and keep close."

"Golly, massa, close as a plug tobacco."

And with that the door opened, and out steps a genteelly dressed man, and a little nager that I knew from his clothes was a jockey. I slips down stairs quite private-like, and I axes the landlord who that gentleman in black might be. "Colonel Rivers," says he; "he owns one of the horses that runs to day." "Is it a good horse?" says I. "There's but one can bate him," says he. "All right," says I, and wid that off I starts with the devil's documents for the coorse. I had been travellin', as I tell ye, an' I had but little of the nadeful, only a couple o' hundred or so.

When I gits to the coorse, devil a chance had I to exercise me skill wi' cards, for there was so many a goin' already. So I looks at the horses, an' I seed the little nigger a tendin' a fine black, clane-limb'd, high actioned horse; Mr. Rivers was standin' by a big gray. I noticed one old gentleman, a plain-lookin' man, wi' plain clothes, a standin' and a bettin' like the devil on the black horse. Murther, thinks I, what a fool you are, and I invests my money on the gray. Bime by I sees Mr. Rivers and the nager look sharp at each other. I was standin' close by the darkey, and the old gentleman was, too. Mr. Rivers presently wint to git a drop of the crather, and the old gentleman slips up to the nager quiet like, an' he pulls out a small pistol, an' he says:

"Jim, ye imp, do you see that?"

"Yes, mas'r," says the nager, makin' his eyes big.

"Well, that's got three slugs in it. Now mark me, ye black devil; if ye howld your horse back, I'll shoot ye," says the old feller, an' he walks off. Ye should have seen the nager's face. Oh! murther! it was awful. Ye can imagine I was in the devil's own hurry to hedge my money, which I did. Prinsitly the drum bate, and the horses came up, an' I see that Rivers was lookin' very smilin', and the old man had his hand in his breast, and was a lookin' sharp at the boy. Well, the little nager was scared, that's certain, and when the horses started he looked mighty uneasy. To cut short, I'll tell ye, that the black won the race, and Mither Rivers, the sharper, was done to the tune of some five thousand dollars. And that's me story; and Mither Tray, give me a glass of wather with a sketch of spirits thro' it."

"Moral," said Powers; "never trust a nigger."

It was not long after this when play commenced. Mr. Tray assumed his seat in the great chair as banker, and laid upon the table a small, square, brass box, well known as the faro box.

It is needless for us to attempt to describe this well-known game. Suffice it to say that on the conclusion of the first deal our friend Harry was some hundreds ahead, while Cashton was apparently over that, out.

Again did Tray deal, and again was Harry's lucky star in the ascendant. A cool thousand found its way into his pocket.

"You are lucky," remarked Cashton.

"Ah," responded Harry, who as is common with all men, was somewhat exhilarated by his good fortune and the wine he had drank. "Ah, Colonel, fortune may be returning—she's a fickle jade."

"Yes," chimed in Powers, "and a great flirt."

"And often changes," observed Cook.

"Devil doubt ye, for she's a woman," remarked Adams. A laugh followed this sally, and play again commenced.

Again did Mr. Tray deal, and again did Harry win, and as he had doubled, two thousand dollars more were stowed in his pocket. "Wine, wine," he cried, becoming still more excited. "Wine it is that gives me fortune," and he hastened to pour out a glass of the nectar. As he did so, a rapid sign passed between the Colonel and Mr. Tray.

"Once more," said Mr. Tray, sotto voce, to Hovey, "we will let him win—and then the tables must turn."

Again did Harry double, and once more did he win.

"Come, Cashton," he cried, exhilarated, "come, come, man, try thy luck again."

"No—ye, and you only, can win to-night," laughingly responded the Colonel.

"A fresh deck," cried Mr. Tray to Hovey; then giving him a meaning glance he muttered, "he always chooses the black."

Hovey responded with a nod of intelligence, and soon he placed in Tray's hand a new pack of the linen documents.

"Double again," said Mr. Tray, insinuatingly.

"Double! Ay, treble," cried Harry.

"The black, of course," continued Tray, as he placed the cards in the box.

"No!" responded Harry, suddenly; "this time I'll choose the red."

"Damnation!" muttered Tray. "I must rough it on him," and he began to deal. Slowly did he perform his task, and at length Harry's card was produced on the banker's side. A look of disappointment sped o'er Harry's face, a covert smile lingered in Cashton's eye, and Tray was again proceeding to bring out the cards, when a deep voice cried—

"Your pardon, sir, that ten comes this side." In surprise, Harry turned quickly around, and there beheld Mr. Mark Winter. The usual friendly greeting passed between them, and a glance of hatred shot from Cashton's solitary orb.

"What mean you, sir?" cried Mr. Tray, in answer to Winter's address.

"I mean that the red belongs here," said Winter, calmly pointing to the puster's side of the table. "I mean that the king belongs to you."

"I wish for hold your tongue."

"Now."

"Sir! dare you accuse me of cheating?" cried Mr. Tray, springing to his feet.

"Sir," answered Mark Winter, "I do," and he coolly stepped forward and grasped the whole pile of Harry's money.

"Scoundrell!" ejaculated Tray, literally gasping with rage.

"Careful, keeful," returned Mark, falling back to the western dialect he loved so well to use; "keertul, hard words make bad friends."

"Dog! deliver up the money!" cried Tray, springing forward, while the gambling coterie gathered in a circle around the Californian.

"Never!" was the response, in thundering tones. "This pile belongs to my friend, and he shall have it."

"Nay, Winter," here interposed Harry, "perhaps you are mistaken."

"Mistaken? Me? That's handled keerds since I was a boy? Me? Don't believe it," earnestly responded Winter.

"Rascal!" again shouted Tray, "will you yield up that money?"

"No!" thundered Mark, "nary time."

"Then your death be on your own hands!" responded Tray, and as he spoke he made a sudden spring on Winter, at the same time drawing a long, keen poignard from his breast.

"Oh! that's your game, is it?" cried Winter, as he caught the arm of Tray in a vice-like grip, giving it a sudden wrench that caused the bones to snap and crack like rustling paper, and the knife to fall from the gambler's nerveless fingers.

A shriek of agony, intermingled with a curse, came from Tray's lips as he was thus suddenly and surely rendered powerless.

"Help! help!" he cried; "help, I say!" and the whole body of his associates threw themselves on Winter.

Harry would have sprung to his rescue, but Cashton seized him firmly, and said, "Do not interfere, or you will be murdered."

"Murdered!" echoed Lorrimer, "they dare not do it!" and he tore himself from Cashton's grasp, and dashed among the combatants.

The new combatant put a different face on the appearance of things.

Powerful as he was, Mark Winter could not cope with half-a-dozen such practiced pugilists as the gamblers proved themselves to be, and he was thrown heavily to the floor. One man only kept aloof from the encounter. This was Tom Powers.

Already have we had proofs that Harry possessed great physical force, and though he was somewhat weakened by his long confinement, he threw himself among the oblique with such vigor, that Winter was soon freed from his imminent peril.

Steady did Harry stand, and send forth blows that felled the gamblers right and left, and caused them to pause ere they resumed the offensive.

Mark Winter sprang to his feet, and seizing Harry's hand nervously, he cried, "Twice has thou saved my life. I'll repay the debt some time." Then turning to the discomfited ruffians, he shouted, "Come on, ye d—d diggers, if ye want to feel the weight of an honest man's sinners and muscals—come on, and be d—d to you!"

"Sir," said Livingston, "leave this house, and there'll be no more war."

"All right—you feel sick, do you?" and seizing Harry by the arm, Mark dragged him into the street.

Colonel Cashton was missing.

"How much are you ahead, my boy?" inquired Mark.

"I know you are ahead, or they wouldn't have fought so."

"Some three thousand," was Harry's response.

CHAPTER XX.

A DISCOVERY.

When Robert—the boy who was so forcibly abducted on the night of the burglary—recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a small dark room, the only light being a gleam of sunshine that found its way through a crevice in a huge iron shutter that was closed outside of the window.

At first he experienced sensations of giddiness and a dull heavy pain in the head, but as he became more thoroughly aroused, these feelings vanished, and he sprang to his feet. At first it was difficult for him to remember aught of what occurred the night before, but by degrees he called to mind the fact of his hearing footsteps—of his hastily arousing and sleeping on a few clothes, and then of his going down stairs—of seeing the three men at his master's wine—of his being forcibly seized. After that all was blank.

With these thoughts came the reflection that the men must have been thieves, and like lightning did it flash through his brain that if they had stolen anything, and he was missing, he would assuredly be accused.

This thought was maddening, and the boy began eagerly to search the chamber for the means of escape. He rushed to the window, but the sash resisted his utmost efforts to raise it; then he groped his way along the wall until his hands met the door; but this, too, was immovable. A rope, hanging near the corner of the room, Robert seized eagerly, and almost instantly the door was opened, and a man with a lantern entered, closing the door carefully behind him. Robert saw at a glance that it was the ruffian who had seized him the night previous, but he assumed a calmness that he did not feel. "Why am I thus detained?" said he.

"Bekase, my kinchen, we didn't think it safe to let you run around a blabbin'."

"What mean you, sir?" inquired the boy, anxiously.

"I mean as how ye'd 'a' been inside the lock-up by this time, if we hadn't a brought you along wi' us," answered Stiles.

"Scoundrell!" cried the boy, with a vehemence that startled even the Kinchen Grand. "Scoundrell I demand my instant release."

"Oh! you do; vot a pity so much acting should be wasted. Vy, you'd make your fortune on the stage," answered Stiles, with provoking coolness.

Robert saw that it was useless to give vent to his rage, so in a more subdued tone he asked— "What object have you in thus detaining me?"

"To keep you from blowin' in coorse."

"If you mean informing, I pledge you my word that never shall a sentence pass from my lips to implicate you."

"How does it know that?"

"Are you the master here?"

"Yes, till a better one comes, whom I expect very shortly," said Stiles.

"Who is he?" cried the boy.

"I really couldn't tell you his name, 'cause I don't know it; but he's a gentleman."

"He then may befriend me," mused Robert. "Shall I see him when he comes?"

"That depends on himself," replied Stiles; and almost

looked at him in an expressive manner. King no sooner got to measure than he went to work, his counsel earnestly advising the forcing principal. Tom dashed off right and left, hitting partly open with his left, although he got home one from the right. Mac countered with his left, but owing to King's slanting his head on one side, this was straight on with over the shoulder. King broke, and in retreating, gave Mac a chance. Tom, who followed, dashed on the left, while Mac ducked his head and slipped down. King just missing a rapier.

5. King the first to the scratch. King as prompt for business as a bar-collector, instantly faced his man. As Tom tried to lead the left, Mac showed the position was not to be taken, and King, in shifting, got to the ropes in his own court, when King, after eyeing him with a knowing look, weaved in. Tom, who was ready, dashed off the right on the knowledge-box. King broke and retreated to his own corner. Tom followed, and at the ropes there were some rapid exchanges, when King, finding himself in an awkward position, bent his head forward and went down.

6. King had evidently been effective in the preceding bout, for the gravity was flying from King's proboscis. Tom, in dashing at him, did so with more determination than judgment; he hit from the forehead, but did not do execution, being out of range. As Mac made the backward break, to avoid the rush, they closed at the ropes. King, who was on them for the moment, in difficulties, shifted from the grip of his man and got down.

7. King advanced to the scratch with a firm, imposing step, his bearing bold and determined, as though the difficulties of the struggle had produced in him the concentration of the resolute "I will." The men stood eyeing each other in the midst of the plying rain. King rubbed his chest, which had a mark as though a warm plaster had recently been there. After maneuvering round the ring, King got to range, and let fly the left, administering a dose shot on the cranium. As Mac broke, he slipped and nearly lost his equilibrium, but steadied himself with admirable tact. After feinting and offering, they got well in and countered splendidly. Mac with the left getting on the right cheek, King doing execution with the right on the left peeper, instantly producing a stable lump and causing the Champion to blanch in an unmistakable manner. The men, with mutual action, broke and shifted ground in all parts of the ring, until they paused, when Tom dropped his mawleys, and, as Mac advanced, twisted himself away, this action not being, by any means, artistic. After taking up new ground, King got to measure, and delivered a fine left-hand on the snorer, which caused the crimson to flow. As Mac retreated, Tom followed, and King caught a close King tried to break, and in doing so King got his left leg between Mac's, and delivered the left as he was going to range.

8. Tom had no sooner been faced by his man than he dashed at him and closed. King got his right arm well round his man's waist, and tried to lift him, but this proved a waste of strength on Tom's part, for the Champion put on the head stop, and both went down and as they lay.

9. King, acting on the advice of his seconds, again went dashing at his antagonist to force the fighting, he lunged out left and right, and then closed, when King put in the back heel, and in the fall Tom was under.

10. The ropes had now become slack and bent down, so the veterans had to push himself in in tightening the ropes. Tom again went in to force the fighting, and in the exchanges both did execution, Tom getting the left on the right cheek, King also administering one from the left. In the close the men in turn got each other round the waist, and in the fall both went down, King under, Mac as they fell hitting the bottom rope slightly.

11. Mac much more active in the fight, it was apparent the effects of Tom's visitations were beginning to tell, for King had a mouse under the left peeper, and there were other minor indications on his mug of his opponent's handiwork. Tom also bore unmistakable marks of his antagonist having done execution, but still King's blows did not tell apparently with their former severity. King took the left hand on the forehead, left and right, and right on the head. In the close they slipped away in the most spirited style, Tom using the left on the body, King also making use of the same mawley. They struggled, and King was under in an awkward manner, falling in the center of the ring.

12. Tom had again done effective execution on Mac's damaged arm, the last blow being a beautiful one, which had the right hand lying further impression on the left peeper. As Tom went to his opponent King got from range. Tom, not to be stalled off, worked his way to the distance, and in the corner hitting both got home with effect, King administering the left well on the right cheek, Tom also doing duty in a prompt and efficient manner on the dial. King broke and retreated, when, as Mac came on, Mac, who was at the ropes, finding he was likely to get in an awkward position, went down.

13. Tom went dashing at his man with impetuous action, and with much rapidity hit out left and right at the nob. Mac, after returning slightly, got between his man's legs at the ropes and closed. King, who was more than ever confident of victory in ecstasies, and Jerry Noon, who was in the corner with King, was most expressive in action and gesture, and gave the "division" some very fine sittings of his chaffing machine.

14. Tom, who worked the left mawley in a curious manner from the show, was looking at his man with more determination than judgment. His height again enabled him to rise above guard, and he got home the left on the later-trap, and also followed up with a right hander on the left peeper. As Mac broke, they got to the ropes, and in the fall both down.

15. The odds appeared to be melting like butter in the sun, and many of King's partisans had been cheering and encouraging him, and King, with determination to force the fighting, went to his man and got home on the nob with his left. The combatants closed at the ropes; in the fall, King was under, and as they lay prostrate in the ring, there was an appeal of "Four" from King's seconds, who suggested King should not stand as both were so exhausted, and a slight abrasion in the corner of the right eye, from which there was a little of the carnage perceptible. The referee crossed the ring to Mac's corner to caution him, when King assured him he would not be guilty of so unmanly and contemptible an action.

16. King determined to lose no time, went rattling to his adversary, to force him to fight, and in doing so, he was not only on his own suit. At a merry pace, they fought left and right to a close, when in the fall, they went down at the ropes.

17. Tom, who still adopted the forcing tactics, led the left, and administered more of the cayenne on the dial. The combatants shifted positions, and paused in the center of the ring. Again they went to it, when King, who was looking at his man with more determination than judgment, did more effective execution. Mac broke and got to the ropes, and as Tom pressed in to close, King went down, hitting the top part of his head, which was slightly bent forward.

18. Sharp exchanges, left and right, on the cheek, mouth and jaw, when King, in breaking, slipped and went down. On the instant, with a snap, King was on his feet, and as Mac broke, he was ready to cover him, pushed them away, and beckoned Tom, with a smile, to renew the bout. The challenge to battle, to a brave man, is as welcome as the music of marriage bells, and King, with ready assent, at once joined issue, and after fighting to a close they went down.

19. That they were master minds in the corner was apparent, for the men were being attended to with an assiduity and care that betokened the well-schooled minds and willing hearts of their respective seconds. King, who was the first to his corner, came up with a smiling phiz, though his countenance had been decidedly much altered by the physical demonstration of his opponent. King no longer faced his man with the same determination, but King's corner faced his man with a dashed air. King, who was looking at his man with more determination than judgment, did more effective execution. Mac broke and got to the ropes, and as Tom pressed in to close, King went down, hitting the top part of his head, which was slightly bent forward.

20. On coming up, the seconds of Tom demanded open mawleys. Tom, showing his own and significantly pointing to them; King complied, and there was nothing the matter. Mac's left mawley now appeared a good deal puffed, and Tom's leading counsel, delecting this, gave the whisper to King, intimating King's most dangerous member was queer, so that future visitations would not be so very remiss. Mac took the initiative, forcing a chest-thrust on the cheek. King, who was looking at his man with more determination than judgment, did more effective execution. Mac broke and got to the ropes, and as Tom pressed in to close, King went down, hitting the top part of his head, which was slightly bent forward.

21. No sooner had time been called, than Tom, all eagerness to be doing, came with impetuous action to scratch, and, when met by King, went to work. After exchanging, King getting the left on the right cheek, Mac administering a right hander on the left side of the pimple, King retreated. Tom followed his adversary, and, when near the ropes, closed. Mac, in trying to break, got between his man's legs in a most defective position, holding himself up by the right hand, and as King broke, King gallantly refused to take advantage of the situation, but, amid defensive applause, drew up his arms, smiled, and looked at his man. There was a manliness and chivalry displayed in this action that won the admiration of all.

22. Tom had now become the favorite, his partisans in all parts of the ring vehemently offering tempting odds, but found no takers. King went rattling to business, getting both mawleys on the dial. King retreated, and when near the ropes, went to range to avoid closing with his opponent. (King's breast was heaving as he went to his corner like the sides of a full-canted pair of bellows, and there could be no doubt he was suffering from a good deal of physical prostration.)

23. This was a very hard and determined bout. Tom dashed at his antagonist, hitting with force and determination than judgment. Mac, in breaking, got to the ropes, and fell.

24. Both men came up with alacrity, in the midst of the still plying rain. King attempted to open fire, when Tom went dashing at him; Mac broke, and with rapid gyration made the circuit of the ring. Tom followed, when, after an exchange of compliments, and in favor of King, who administered most effectively, they closed, and in the fall went down, King under.

25. Mac evidently "queer" and his seconds working with busy zeal. Tom had no sooner got to the scratch than he went to work, and delivered a left-hand on the dial, King, not being so ready to get up, King, who was looking at his man with more determination than judgment, did more effective execution. Mac broke and got to the ropes, and as Tom pressed in to close, King went down, hitting the top part of his head, which was slightly bent forward.

26. Mac came up much more active, and in sparring, maneuvered in all parts of the ring. At length King got to range, when in the corner counter-biting, King delivered a right-handed enlivener on the right cheek, just below the peeper. As Mac went from his man, Tom followed and closed. King, in trying to break, got partly down, having his legs between his antagonist's. Tom, however, had him in the vice, and pulled him up, but at length King got away, and went down.

27. Tom administered a fine right-handed ivory-tractor on the left jaw, when Mac, for the second time, was knocked down.

28. Mac came up gallantly, and met his man with a bold, determined bearing. He was much punished about the left peeper and mouth. Tom had likewise a fine mouse under the right daylight, which was so close to the snorer's head, that it was almost more than ever sanguine, and considered he held the tramp card. Tom, to force the fighting, rushed at his man, and after slinging out both mawleys, caught King by the waist, and in the fall, Tom, who was under, hit the stake.

29. King dashed out a round swinging right hander, and caught King on the back of the nob. A close, and both down, a side fall in the middle of the ring.

30. Mac was evidently much improved, and the seconds of Tom, finding the Champion had succeeded in shaking himself well together, urged their man more earnestly than ever to go and force the fighting, as that was the only way to maintain the lead. Such had been the rapid action of the men, so that they passed over the ring, that the ground, owing to the rain, was out up and broken in all directions, and owing to its pasty substance, greasy and difficult to get through. Tom delivered the right on the peeper corner, and then fought his way to close. King, with well-studied action, met his man, and sent both mawleys in with artistic neatness. In the struggle, gave the back heel, and Tom was thrown. King was the first to spring from the ground, and he patted Tom in the middle of the forehead, and said, "Well done, my boy! You are a good-tempered man, amidst cries of 'Bravo, Mac!'"

31. The seconds of King were working with the energy of Cyclops, for as Tom was suffering from apparent distress, he stood in need of all attention. The admirers of Mac were now radiant with smiles, and the East End Morners opened with a fire of patting, like a giant refreshed. Tom, who was rather slow to scratch, opened the ball as usual, and in the corner he kept the right hand, and King, at half distance, making good use of the left. In the close they slipped away merrily, Tom at the body, King at the nob. Each in turn got on the ropes, reversing positions. Tom, as a finish, being thrown with the back heel.

32. Tom delivered a belly-distruster on the ribs with the right, which caused King to administer the left on the head; but the mawley had apparently now lost its stinging qualities. The combatants fought to a close, and in the fall went down.

33. King went to force the fighting, King, who was now all right, or nearly so, was as lively as a young kangaroo. After some fine exchanges, Mac got home the left on the right cheek, which was so close to the snorer's head, that it was almost more than ever sanguine, and considered he held the tramp card. Tom, to force the fighting, rushed at his man, and after slinging out both mawleys, caught King by the waist, and in the fall, Tom, who was under, hit the stake.

34. Mac first to come from corner, but had not long to wait before Tom joined issue. Tom, who had a better intention than judgment, did so effectively. The combatants closed, when King gave the back heel, and King was thrown rather heavily.

35. Matters were unquestionably looking up for the East End division, the immense improvement King had made was certainly striking, for the gallant Tom was evidently suffering from his exertions. King led both mawleys, delivering the left on the nob; King countered, and got the left on the top of the pimple, they then closed. Each in turn was in difficulties on the ropes, and in going down, rolled over the bottom one, partly out of the ring.

36. After a little maneuvering the combatants closed at the ropes. Mac got on them, when Tom slipped and went down, it being purely as a matter of course, as King's shouts of "Foul," followed by enthusiastic cheers for both.

37. Every scientific point the exigencies of the moment required was employed by the seconds of Tom, whose practiced eyes, well and surely marked the difficulties of their man. The sound advice that urged him to make the fighting had not been attended with effect, as King, who was looking at his man with more determination than judgment, did more effective execution. Mac broke and got to the ropes, and as Tom pressed in to close, King went down, hitting the top part of his head, which was slightly bent forward.

38. King dashed out left and right, but nothing to distance, was wide in range, King, after shifting and getting well to measure, delivered with good effect both mawleys. The belligerents fought with game determination to a close, when Mac went down near the ropes.

39. Tom, with pucky resolution, to do all that became a brave, resolute boxer, went to his man to force the fighting, and found Mac by no means adverse to join issue on the milling salt. In the exchanges both men did good service. Tom, with the left, administered on the front of the dial. King, with the left, also got home on the cheek, and followed up with another from the right, delivered from the forearm. King closed at the mark. "Time!" cried the referee, finding there was no movement from Tom's corner, and the men fought to a close, both doing execution on the nob, when Tom threw his man, but in falling with him, hit his head heavily against the stake. Tom, who was undoubtedly betraying symptoms of distress, on being taken to his corner, looked towards the referee, who was standing at that side of the ring, and complained of King acting towards him improperly, but that functionary did not take the least notice.

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43. Such a mill as that of Tuesday tells its own tale, and calls for little in the way of comment. All who witnessed it were fully convinced each meant winning from the first, and that neither left a stone unturned to secure the prize of place. That we should not have a man of more size and weight than Mac as Champion, is a matter to be regretted; but it would be hard to cast it in Mac's teeth, as he has been doing so well, and is not to be blamed for it. It seems that he has already defeated two boxers, either of whom, as far as size is concerned, is fitted to fight any corner of any weight and inches, and that he is certainly a wee bit bigger in every respect than his gallant predecessor, Tom Sykes. To King Mac every credit is due for the manner in which he has conducted himself for the last two years, and for the performance he has given in the last of these bouts. He has been doing so well, and is not to be blamed for it. 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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.
Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

FRANK QUINN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862

NOTES TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in
colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of sub-
scription have expired.

"DOING" THE BRITISHERS.

FROM the first appearance of Deerfoot upon the soil of England, we
endeavored to guard our trans-Atlantic cousins against the frauds
intended to be practiced upon them by the men engaged with the
Indian in his speculations. We cautioned them against Deerfoot
and White, but the good people of merry England "didn't see it,"
at the time, and they "fell heavily." White is one of the runners
sent over here on the sly to take down our own pedestrians, and to
humbly the sports hereaway. Knowing that the CLIPPER would
expose any underhanded dealing, the parties having White and
others in tow, kept aloof from us, and veiled their movements in
mystery. We discovered the trick, however, in time to save our
friends; we exposed the whole thing, and thus put an end to "the
enterprise." In England, White and Deerfoot seem to have been
more successful, and the people of that country more gullible, in
spite of our warnings. The "company" made a snug pile of the
bubble burst. Now, the papers "see it," and are not slow in
showing up the "Peter Punks." The London Sporting Life, a paper
that is doing much for legitimate sporting interests, has a leading
article on frauds in pedestrianism, but as it endorses what we have
all along said upon the subject, we merely give a few extracts
bearing more directly upon the Indian's recent performances:—

"Is the many exercise of pedestrianism to fall into the lowest
depths of disrepute by the misdeeds of those men who are foremost
in the profession? There was a time, before the rise of the 'gate-
money' system, when men honestly and proudly tested their
powers on untripped roads—a time when 'gate-money' was unheard
of, and, what is best, unearned for. . . . If a thoroughly
'good man' makes his appearance, he is speedily tampered with by
individuals who at once 'farm' him for a series of metropolitan and
provincial engagements. However great may be his quality as a
runner, however capable he may be of accomplishing distances that
wonderful time, he sacrifices all self-price and self-esteem—and
becomes the automaton of a person, or party, who work the wires
in the manner which best suit their own pockets. What do they
care for pedestrianism? Nothing. 'Gate-money' is their watch-
word, and so long as that source yields a fair harvest, they care not
one jot for the reputation of the puppets who will impudently ac-
cuse, arrogate to themselves the title of 'Champions.' . . .
Yet there are, at the present moment, men presumptuously arro-
gating to themselves the titles of 'Champions' whose only right to the
title is, that they have joined in some 'robbery,' and participated
in what they term a 'performance,' enacted to secure a flood of
billings or sponges. In a majority of the pretended
great matches, the competitors know as well when they leave the
scratch, as when the 'race' is over, how the affair is to terminate.
Perhaps, to give a theatrical or exciting feature to the farce, one of
the men is to 'fall exhausted into his backer's arms.' This is a
favorite trick. Or he is to write in all the false agonies of a
'break down,' or 'switch in his side.' Now, we challenge a candid
and competent person to say whether the picture as here given is
overdrawn. And to whom have the public a right to look for re-
dress in a matter of this description? Emphatically to the press,
and we should be prostituting our functions if we did not speak
plainly. . . . Deerfoot, as we have always maintained, is a
pedestrian of first-rate ability, but there are men who can beat
him, but, to speak plainly, may not, and will not. How many
matches that that remarkable Indian was genuine? Perhaps Mr. George
Martin, if not too busy in embroidering moccasins, and making fresh robes for the Senecas, will be good enough
to inform us. And how many matches yet to be run by Deerfoot
will be genuine, also admits of not very difficult solution. At
Copenhagen, Grande, Macomber, and another of these
'races,' for a 'champion's' belt, took place between White and Siah
Albion, both men being well known to the sporting world as pe-
destrians of considerable reputation. The distance was one mile,
and, after completing little more than a third of the distance, the
man White stopped, under the usual pretext, that he had 'broken down,'
or 'sprung his ankle.' Assistance being at hand (says our Man-
chester correspondent in describing the occurrence) he was placed
on a person's back and carried from the ground, fears being
entertained that more than his ankle would be sprained ere he
reached the conveyance to bear him away.' Now, from this it is toler-
ably clear that there was another disgraceful affair. We also learn,
from the same source, that the 'race' attracted 3,000 persons to the
grounds, and henceforward the 'sprained ankle' becomes a very
easy thing to elucidate, and it is not very hazardous to guess for
what purposes the contest was got up. The 3,000 persons present,
it would seem, were very nearly giving a striking proof of their dis-
tinction. But we are disgusted with the mere recital of such dis-
reputable episodes in what might otherwise be one of the most
credible and honorable British pastimes. Acting at all times
upon our avowed principles, we have not hesitated to express our
views fearlessly, and our only motive, it is needless to say, is the
purity and advancement of a truly noble English sport.

SPORT AND PASTIMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

A NEW PROJECT.—The Union Skating Association, encouraged by
the complete success attendant upon their Skating Pond this winter,
and to fill up the vacuum its absence will create during the Spring,
Summer and Autumn months, have at the solicitation of many of
the most influential and wealthy of their members, determined to
organize an Association similar in a measure to that which the
Washington Club issued a prospectus for, some two months since,
for their district of the city. This new organization is to be called
"The Union Outdoor Sports Association," and is to include the
sports of skating, ball play, gymnastics, riding, and boating. The
design is to construct a lake of water on the site of the Union pond,
but at least three times its size in extent. In the centre of this,
a large and commodious building is to be erected, in the Swiss style
of architecture, which will contain saloons for refreshments, retiring,
dressing, reading, and conversation rooms. This central building
will be entirely surrounded by water, the communication with it
being by handsome bridges from each end, to the streets opposite.
By this means the surface of water will be much greater. Adjoin-
ing this lake there are to be two large ball grounds laid out, one for
base ball—the largest—and the other for cricket clubs. These will
be surrounded by shade trees, so as to protect spectators from the
sun. There is also to be another large building erected, which will
contain an equestrian exercise hall and billiard rooms, exclusively
for ladies; also bowling alleys attached; the other part of the
building is to be devoted to gymnastic exercises.

The project is grand in conception, and most commendable as
regards the objects in view, and as it is under the control of parties
who have obtained a most flattering prestige from the energy and
enterprise they have already evinced in their able management of
the Union Skating Association, we have no doubt this new and
splendid enterprise will meet with the same well merited success.

SKETCHES OF LONDON. LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER SEVEN.

CONTINUED.

"MY UNCLE'S NEVY," JEM BURN.
MR. BURN visited first, and just caught a glimpse of "My Uncle's
Navy," as he was passing through the bar room for dinner. The old
gentleman seemed nearly double, and it appeared all he could
do, aided by a stick, to reach the dining-room. Two blooming
daughters gave a clasp to the bar, one very much like the old ring
patron himself, the other having a resemblance to Mrs. B. I was
given to understand. His stock of prints I didn't see, only going
into the tap-room, but at the side of the bar was exhibited a pho-
tograph of Young Reed, the best and most aristocratic teacher of box-
ing in all England; Mr. Reed may generally be found here. As Jem
Burn was recently introduced to your readers in a mill with Phil
Simpson, (which reached me not quite a week ago per CLIPPER of
Dec. 7, through my brother-quill, "Buck," I can't but relate
his experience as a pugilist, so here goes.—Born in Yorkshire,
March 15, 1804, weight 124 lbs; beat O'Neale, £50 a side, 49th,
20th, July 29, 1824; draw with Jack Martin, Oct. 28, 1824 (Jack had
previously defeated George Oliver, Jack Johnson, Jack Scroggins, Josh
Hudson, Cabbage, Phil Simpson, Dave Hudson, and Ned Turner)
Young Dutch Sam, Ned Turner, and Jack Randall beat this Martin,
and Burn must have been a good one to make a draw with such a
man in his second fight; beaten by Ned Neale, 99th, 52th, Dec. 21,
1824, Burn's third fight in the short time of five months; beaten by
Simpson (see CLIPPER of Dec. 7); beat Pat M. Gee, 30th, 23rd, July
25, 1826; beat Ned Baldwin, 38th, 20th, April 24, 1827; beaten by
Ned Neale, 46th, 43rd, Nov. 13, 1827; beaten by Ned Baldwin
(White-headed Bob), 60th, 38th, July 3, 1827, this making three
more in seven months; received £10 forfeit from Randall, the Devon-
shire Giant (6ft. 5in. in height), whose name doesn't appear as a
performer in the pages of "Fistiana." It will be seen that Jem
Burn has not appeared in the ring for over thirty years, while Jem
Ward, who is four years his senior, fought and won up to 1831. Of
the two, Mr. Ward looks the younger by a dozen years, and is much
spryer than any of the young chaps the press has lately presented.
Jem Burn is a victim to that painful malady, rheumatism, and thus
ages very fast. The popular expression "My Uncle's Navy" is ac-
counted for by Jem being a nephew of old Ben Burn, who brought
him out, and was, I presume, landlord of the "Rising Sun," Air
street, Piccadilly, before the present Burn took possession. Visi-
tors from London would never miss calling on the two veteran boxers,
Jem Burn and Jem Ward.

OWEN SWIFT, THE WONDER!

Owen's house, the "Horse Shoe," is, as its name indicates, a great
resort for turfmen and all interested in horse flesh. Turfites, gen-
erally speaking, indulge in spirits, to the grief of vendors in stout,
porter, and ale, and consequently Mr. Swift's is a noted house for
'spirits'; this I didn't know at the time, or I should never have
ordered stout there; up! the taste still rises to the surface as I
think of it, and the champagne once served out to a party of us at a
table in West End, I can't but say that Owen's is a noted house for
can be attached to Mr. Swift, as he studies well the interests of his
customers. The demand is so uncertain for more temperate bever-
ages, that the article does not keep well, and I hereby acquit the
'Wonder' of all intentional badness. The little man himself was
not at home, and therefore I missed seeing both him and his parlor,
but by just stepping to the back of the house, I saw a large hall,
or any house of call, where sportsmen congregate in New York,
and asking for Owen Swift, in Newbold a Big Fight, you will be well
prepared for an outline of his battles, and it will save me the labor
of a personal description until I do see him. Owen Swift, then, was
born Feb. 14, 1814, and commenced his career, when only fifteen
years old, by beating Tom M. Keefer, at 9th, April 4, 1829; beat Tom
Cooper, 26 minutes, 24th, 1829; beat John Smith, 29th, 1829; beat
[East End Sailor Boy] 30 minutes, 29th, 1830, who also
beat Barney Aaron and Harry Jones, who fought 34 battles; beat
Isaacs, 14 rounds, October 26, 1830; beat A. Noon, 130 minutes, 65
rounds, March 27, 1832; beat Ned Brown, 24 minutes, 12 rounds,
Dec. 18, 1832; beat Allen, 100 minutes, 41 rounds, Feb. 5, 1833,
whom the gentleman also vanquished in 70 minutes, 29 rounds, Feb.
16, 1836; beat Murray, 77 minutes, 52 rounds, April 9, 1833—Murray
fought Deaf Burke; beat Phil Kyle, 16 rounds, April 9, 1833; beat
Atkinson, 40 minutes, 32 rounds, March 4, 1834, an old opponent of
Izzy Lazarus, with 12 battles to his name; beat A. Noon, 126 min-
utes, 73 rounds, June 24, 1834, which proved fatal to Noon, and
caused his death; beat John Thompson, 100 minutes, 41 rounds, 95
minutes, 86 rounds, March, 1835, the fight dying on the 13th, and on the 20th
Norton and Phelps made a local name, on Friday night, at the
ford for the same and acquiesced. Feb. 28, 1839—the Phelps referred
to was a brother of Joe Phelps, quite a celebrity in London at the
present day; beat Jack Adams, Paris, June 5, 1839; beat Jack
Adams second time, Villiers, France, 34 rounds, 75 minutes, Sept.
6, 1838; on the 5th of June, 1839, sentenced by the Paris Tribunal
of Correction to put hands on them; they "saw't them," have
escaped to England; Adams had beaten Tom Smith, referred to
above, and was beaten by Hammer Lane. By thus comparing the
battles of Swift's antagonists, it will be seen he has been a Wonder,
and with the misfortune of having been instrumental in causing
Norton and Phelps to lose, he is looked upon with feelings of awe by
thousands of his fellow countrymen. Owen is a native of a popu-
lar work on boxing, and a bosom companion of the famous Baron
Nicholson, of "Judge and Jury" fame. After gazing about for
another hour in the Strand, and dropping in at the "Coal Hole" for
refreshment, I turned my face homeward for Tottenham Court Road,
where years ago George Ray conducted his great sparring booth,
and where Jack Broughton made the same time for the championship
of England in 1749. So much for Thursday's rambling.

JEM PUDNEY, THE PEDESTRIAN CHAMPION.

By verging along Euston Road toward Regent's Park, and turning
down Portico Place, the celebrated fashionable promenade, Regent
street is entered, and for a locality of some, on Friday night, I
was my route. From hearing so much about Regent street, I ex-
pected to find it second only to Broadway in length and breadth,
but was sadly disappointed; for, though a wide, clean, open street,
with many gorgeous stores, in length it is very little over a mile,
and a New Yorker doesn't find that rivalry in trying to outshine
himself in the length of his street, but in the width of his street.
On Broadway every new store is made to excel its
predecessor, if possible, and it is this enterprise which has made
that thoroughfare the wonder of the world. Regent street also
lacks the even regularity of Broadway, being almost a serpentine
form, while the latter street is almost a straight line from the
Waterloo railway to the Strand, but in the middle of the street
it extends nearly the same distance further under the name of the
Brompton Road. The skeptic has only to glance at maps of both
cities to bear me out in this comparison. Turning off along Cov-
entry street, crossing Haymarket (where are situated Her Majesty's
and the Haymarket Theatres) through Leicester Square into Cran-
bourne street, I went to the house of Jem Pudney, and saw a
glimpse of Covent Garden Theatre, or the Royal Italian Opera; this
edifice was built in 1809, and destroyed by fire March 5th, 1856,
on the occasion of a masque ball given by Professor Anderson, the
Wizard of the North; it was rebuilt in 1858. The front is of an im-
posing character, and consists of a portico and two wings; the lower
part of the portico is arranged as a carriage-porch, and is com-
pelled to shelter the carriages from the weather. Almost imagining myself
back in New York by the numerous portraits of American actors
and minstrels in the theatrical wig makers' shops of Bow street, I
proceeded to call on Jem Ward for a friend who promised to show
me some of the lions of London. Charley Lynch (the gen referred
to) has been waiting some time, but as he was out of business, I
recently sold out his public house, my excuses were taken with
good grace. Out of a dozen patriotic collars purchased at a store
near the Winter Garden a week or two before leaving the city,
some three or four remained unsold, and knowing Charley's sen-
timents, I gave him a couple. Never did mortal man exhibit such
signs of pleasure as Charley Lynch, with the American flag on his
chest, his sturdy neck. "Smile!" followed "smile," until the
American pugilist indulged in a regular break-down jig, to the as-
tonishment and delight of Jem Ward, his lady, Jem Keefe, Bill
Bowers, and a host of well known backers who happened to be in
the parlor at the time. Now, Mr. Keefe, you know I wouldn't hurt
your body's feelings for the world, but unless you can tell me how
the Mason, and Billy Quinn have a care, Charley will be coming
over to contest who is the champion dancer of the Union. At any
rate, don't be surprised to hear of Lynch's intention to return
home at an early day, for when things are more settled, he con-
fidentially stated, such was his wish and hope, after one more fight;
and, as I forwarded his last battle by a recent mail, there is no
telling what time he may drop into one of your sporting publi-
cations and set to some night with anybody who fancies him. But I
suppose, fellow citizens, you will think me a long time getting to
Jem Pudney's; one more glass of stout and we're off; Lynch, Cap-
tain D., and the "young man from the country." In Back Church
Lane, two or three streets off Whitechapel, I had Mr. Pudney's
house. After a brief introduction, we were all invited into the
parlor to see some sport between Mace's Black and a stranger,
engaged in a set-to for the amusement of a company of seafaring
men. The spar pleased all parties immensely, and at the finish,
the Wolf came in for a good share of brown and silver, which he
"collected" in heavy wet. Pudney has a well assorted collection of
prints, including over a dozen runners, Heenan, Sayers, Langham,
Mace, Hurst, Lynch, Brette, Massey, and many others which re-
captured my memory. As a matter of course, one or two pictures of
the landlord adorned the walls, and in one he appears seated
with his well-earned trophy, a champion's belt, on the table.
The boxing over, the company adjourned to a bar, and
had a good time generally, assisted by that excellent Lon-
don vocalist, Mr. James Sipple, of concert hall fame. Being
just over from New York, my peculiar remarks about London
were greatly enjoyed by all within hearing, but by none more
than Pudney and Lynch. In ordering drinks I noticed the landlord,
like myself, always had a glass of stout; "Do you always drink
stout, Mr. Pudney?" asked "Most generally," he replied, "if
that's the case, I can't say that you get very fat on it. Every
body told me if I only stowed away a few quarts of stout every
day, I should soon be as big as Daniel Lambert!" at which the
entire house joined in a hearty laugh at my expense. Is there
the time the fox invariably turned against me, but this was one

which I joined with them, for in half an hour we were all thoroughly
acquainted with each other. Truly kindly took me up stairs
to see his cups and bottle, all of magnificent design and very valu-
able, particularly the Champion Belt of England, of solid silver,
chased and with figures of pedestrians in bold relief from the main
part; he also exhibited Charley Lynch's two belts, one presented
him by a soldier, the other by some friends at Harry Brunton's
after his fight with Flighly—a very handsome trophy of green
velvet, with silver figures of its presentation. Having thus seen
all the objects of interest, through the courteousness of the Cham-
pion, we descended to the bar room and our friends down stairs.
Mr. P. is about the medium height, light complexion, Auburn hair,
closely shaved face, and looks in running trim at all times by his
thin, hollow "phiz," prominent cheek bones, clear skin, bright
blue eyes, and dashing movements. Having an appointment at three
the afternoon, it was necessary to be moving, and with hopes
for each other's prosperity on both sides, and a speedy termination of
the civil war, our little party took leave of Jem Pudney and his
friends, in high place. It will not be amiss here for me to state that
Jem's friends think him capable of giving Deerfoot the go-by in
ten miles at a running pace, "and more too!" I am sorry to be
unable to give Pudney's performances, having neglected to inquire
at the time. To any of my friends about coming to London, I
would advise an early call at the Coach and Horses, for at this
house every information of the rights to be seen in the big city will
be cheerfully granted.—To be continued.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

BORN on the 12th of March, 1830, in the town of Stamford, Conn.
She was the daughter of the Rev. Wm. A. Crocker, an eminent
Episcopal clergyman of that town, who died before her heroine
reached the age of six years, leaving a widow with five children.
Mrs. Crocker shortly after removed with her family to the city of
New York, for the purpose of giving her children a liberal educa-
tion, and to obtain a residence among her friends. At an early age,
Miss Crocker gave strong evidence of superior talent, which was
industriously cultivated, and so rapid was her advancement, that at
the age of fourteen she became a teacher in one of the principal
academies of New York. It was not until she visited the Park The-
atre for the first time, at the age of fifteen, to witness the perfor-
mance of Ellen Tree, as Julia, in "The Hunchback," that she became
enamored with the profession, and imbibed an earnest desire to en-
ter it, with the hope that one day being classed among the bright in-
finitesimals of the histrionic art. Having resolved in spite of family
objections to go upon the stage, she commenced studying to prepare
for the event, at the same time paying every attention to her
school.

Finally, in the year 1846, application was made to Mr. Simpson,
which was accepted, and for a long time she was one of the greatest
favorites upon the boards of "Old Drury." She was the original
Julia, in "Cricket on the Heath," for the performance of which
engagement she received a commendatory notice of two columns from the pen
of Prof. Howe, the Solon of the New York dramatic critics.

Mr. E. A. Marshall at this time succeeded in effecting an engage-
ment with Miss Crocker, for his company at the Walnut, Philadelphia.
Miss C. immediately became a general favorite. Her first appear-
ance took place July 16th, 1846, as Amantia. It was during this
engagement, on the evening of August 17th, that she was united in the
bonds of matrimony, with Mr. David P. Bowers. This marriage
was of an exceedingly romantic character, and called forth many
articles from the press. The following is from the *Daily Chronicle*,
of March 6th:—

"EXTRAORDINARY.—Yesterday morning, our theatrical
circle was startled by the announcement that a charming young
actress, a recent debutante, who had made a sudden and very favor-
able impression, both in New York and this city, and whose beauty
and talents had attracted the attention of the fashionables here,
had, to the astonishment of all parties, and against the express will
of her brother, entered the hymeneal noose with a young actor of
much less renown than herself. In this city, they were united in the
wedlock of clandestinity, after the performance at the Walnut Street
Theatre, in which they were engaged, were over, on Wednesday
evening, and the knot was tied in defiance of all opposition. The
happy bride is very young, but had previously shown herself to be
possessed of the determination and energy of a true woman. Con-
siderable excitement occurred upon the subject, and a great number
of persons were sent for and has arrived. What action
the two brothers took on the subject we know not, but the married
pair have our good wishes. They are destined to attain eminence
in the histrionic profession."

The young lovers were united in wedlock between midnight
and daylight—certainly a most romantic season for such an event.
After their marriage, they repaired to Baltimore, where
they remained for nearly four years.

She first appeared in Philadelphia as Mrs. Bowers, at the Walnut
Street Theatre, March 11th, 1847, as Donna Victoria, in "A Bold
Stroke for a Husband"; her first appearance at the Arch Street The-
atre, was September 11th, 1848, as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons."
In August, 1853, she became an immense favorite. The follow-
ing season she joined the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, where,
after playing several months, she returned to Philadelphia, and
under her husband becoming lessee of the City Museum, she was the
leading lady. In August, '55, she returned to the Arch, where she
continued the leading actress, until June 18th, '57, on which occasion
she took a farewell benefit, preparatory to making a starring tour
throughout the States. The house was crowded, and a more bril-
liant demonstration was never witnessed on the boards of the Old
Arch. After the first piece, she delivered a "Farewell Address." Her
deep-toned voice went to the heart, and involuntary tears
sprang from the eyes of many of her hearers; bosoms and a
way of handkerchiefs responded to her last adieu. After the per-
formance was over, a committee of gentlemen waited upon Mrs. B.,
and presented her with a casket of jewels valued at \$700—mark
the sequel. At half-past seven o'clock the next morning her hus-
band was dead. After a short retirement, she leased the Walnut
Street Theatre, and in the splendid shaft, "The Lady of Lyons,"
on the 9th of December, 1857, it was opened with a good company,
the fair lessee being the leading lady. After a management of two
years, she withdrew in January 1859, and published the following
card to the public:—

"Having disencumbered myself of the management of the 'Wal-
nut,' and disposed of my interest in that establishment, I feel it
improbable upon me to acknowledge my great obligations to the
public for the liberal support accorded to my late enterprise, from
its outset to its end. I shall ever entertain feelings of the warmest
gratitude for the many demonstrations of popular approval and lik-
ing of which I have been the recipient during my career in Phila-
delphia, both as a manager and actress. And if in my vaulting
ambition to wield the dramatic rod I have burned my fingers with
it, and 'clutched but a barren sceptre in my grip,' I am sure
the fault does not rest with the generous and indulgent public.

"But if any sister-artist cherishes aspirations similar to those
that tempted me, I beseech her a brief summary of what judg-
ing from my own experience, she may fairly anticipate as the fruit
of her ambition, and to me to acknowledge my great obligations to the
public for the liberal support accorded to my late enterprise, from
its outset to its end. I shall ever entertain feelings of the warmest
gratitude for the many demonstrations of popular approval and lik-
ing of which I have been the recipient during my career in Phila-
delphia, both as a manager and actress. And if in my vaulting
ambition to wield the dramatic rod I have burned my fingers with
it, and 'clutched but a barren sceptre in my grip,' I am sure
the fault does not rest with the generous and indulgent public.

"I have taken an ordinary route to discover the cause of the
rather abrupt departure of Mrs. B. from this theatre, and in-
vestigation has unfolded singular atrocities towards this lady, which
ought to consign the originators of them to lasting infamy. That
the public may judge of their character, I must deal with history,
which I shall briefly recite. About two months previous to her
withdrawal, Mrs. Bowers decided very properly to leave the con-
sideration of the stage as secondary to that of inspecting the
finances of the establishment. No sooner had she commenced this
labor—no sooner had she announced a desire, in several quarters,
to have accounts presented for adjustment—than she was assailed by
low, scurrilous, libellous and slanderous anonymous letters, which
have been written, sometimes as many as six in a day, (all in one
handwritten, and feebly disguised.) The effect of these was soon visible.
Her strength failed, a severe prostration of the whole nervous
system ensued, and neither physicians could heal, nor lawyers
advise, nor detectives trace the wretch, so as to secure a con-
viction for so foul a crime against an unoffending and innocent lady.

Her position was soon assailed further by foul attempts at
calumny, and evidence was made manifest to the managers and her-
self that she was surrounded by influences which could not
but cause her to suspect the innocent, and which might lead her
to do injustice to some one, she determined to retire from the
theatre. When this decision was made known, it being announced
she proposed to visit England, and that she was taking of her
supposed ability to break through the coils that are crushing out all
her faith in human character, and all the vitality of her nature, she
will find herself valuing, with an estimate before unknown, the
comfort, peace, and security that lie in paths less pretentious and
prominent.

These facts added poignancy to the grief of the managers, and
perceiving that she was surrounded by influences which could not
but cause her to suspect the innocent, and which might lead her
to do injustice to some one, she determined to retire from the
theatre. When this decision was made known, it being announced
she proposed to visit England, and that she was taking of her
supposed ability to break through the coils that are crushing out all
her faith in human character, and all the vitality of her nature, she
will find herself valuing, with an estimate before unknown, the
comfort, peace, and security that lie in paths less pretentious and
prominent.

company generally, there seemed to be mysteriously associated
with the financial department, some secret motives and animosity
which not even her severe illness could terminate or assuage.
On the 14th of March, 1859, Mrs. Bowers leased the Academy of
Music, Philadelphia, for a short dramatic season. It was certainly
a bold undertaking, inasmuch as the establishment is one that
seems fated to its downward destiny. The auspices under which
she managed this establishment were not the most favorable descrip-
tion; for she had with her the cordial sympathies of all her friends,
and all who had even the pleasure of her acquaintance—while the
play-going public at large respect and esteem her as an admirable
actress and accomplished lady—an artist whose dramatic person-
ations have time and again afforded them unequalled delight, and a
lady whose private character has ever been like that of the
Chevalier Bayard, *sempar et sans reproche*.
Nature has been very bountiful to this lady, in bestowing upon
her almost every requisite for a tragic actress. Her figure is noble
and commanding; her countenance expressive, and her voice as well
suited to the expressions of the fondest blandishments, as the most
elevated passions.

DEDICATED TO MRS. D. P. BOWERS,
ON HER RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA,
FROM A STARRING TOUR TO BOSTON.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN.

Dream of the Drama! welcome to thy home!
Bright shine thy stars in all thy future skies,
And stand imperially beautiful,
An Edicolon of all eyes.

A cynosure your loveliness has seen
In every orb, wherever you have wandered;
Ere why should I and others crown you Queen?
While on you, soul and sense have pondered?

Pauline, pure Marianne, Madeline,
Descend upon me with thy silvery voice,
In all thy exquisite melody of song,
And all, like me, rejoice.

Camille, in her magnificence of love,
Bianca, Julia—why, creations stand,
Classic as statues, full of fire and life,
Fresh from the master's hand.

Good woman, and true wife, brave mind, pure soul!
The world but lately owes so bright a gem;
Take, like Corinne, from every human heart
Thy laurel diadem!

Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1857.

Mrs. Bowers has had but little time during her arduous labors,
turned from one part to another, to study deeply; she has not time
in an artistic atmosphere; all she is, she has made herself. She has
impulsiveness, passion, and an earnestness which appeals to her
audience, identifying her entirely with the character she personates.
As Julia, Mrs. Bowers gives a pleasing and lady-like impersonation
indeed, I doubt very much if there is at present another actress on
the American stage, her equal in this role. Her attitudes are ad-
mirable—her accentuation admirable—whilst the dignity, grace, and
power she infuses into the whole, display the finished artist.

Camille is Mrs. B.'s great character, from the fact that no other
artist has been so successful in giving a truthful rendition of all the
varying passions and emotions of this part. Miss Heron excels in
some, Miss Devereaux in others, but no one makes Camille as ad-
mirably gross and flippant, and the other merely a passionate or pas-
sionless coquette; but it has remained for Mrs. Bowers to give a
truthful portrait, free from the blemishes of either of her prede-
cessors, thoroughly acceptable to the most refined taste, and which en-
list the sympathy and interest of the auditors from the rise of the
curtain to its fall.

It has been said that no actress can feel Juliet ("Romeo and Juliet")
until she is too old to play it; but Mrs. Bowers, signally youthful in
her appearance, has solved this problem. She has also found means
to combine the purity of girlhood with the intense passion of that
"only love sprung from an only hate," in the most artistic manner,
all art is lost, and the learner and the audience are alike awed and
stricken in the very reality of the scene before them. It is as-
tishing to see how much this lady has improved within the last two
or three years. The experience of the heart brings forth passion—
sorrow develops; genius, the history of all great artists, is there to
prove it. On the brow, and in the deep, dark eye of this lady, there
is the stamp of genius. Mrs. Bowers dresses richly, and with much
taste, and her wardrobe is very extensive.

Made her debut in England, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London,
September, 1851, as Julia, in the "Hunchback," and made a very
favorable impression.

She soon after superseded Mrs. Charles Young at the Ly

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

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All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy legitimately performed

by the above incomparable troupe.

Doors open at 6 1/2, to commence at 7 1/4. Tickets 25 cts. 35c.

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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.

The scenery, traps, properties, gas fixtures, heating apparatus,

and ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in the

country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.

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without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated

in any similar troupe.

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DAN RICE, THE EMINENT AMERICAN HUMORIST,

"FOR ONE WEEK MORE,"

EVERY NIGHT

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EXCELSIOR, THE COMIC MULES,

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TREMENDOUS ENTERTAINMENT.

CROWDED HOUSES! CROWDED HOUSES!

HUNDREDS UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION!

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in splendor and magnitude, anything of the kind ever attempted on

this side of the Atlantic. The immense company attached to the

American Music Hall

STAND FIRST IN THEIR LINE

on the score of talent, originality, intellect and versatility, forming

THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.

Behold the list of talent:

TONY PASTOR, CHARLEY WHITE, BEN OTTON,

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Mr. William Barry, Mr. C. S. Saunders.

Mr. F. B. White, Miss Jennie Manderville.

Mr. Groves, Miss Jennie Manderville.

Mr. Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Miss E. Fredericks.

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sistance whatever. Address, W. M. A. WRAY.

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CITY SUMMARY.

SUNDAY, Feb. 16, '62.

"Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth" of public

amusements. A few "reminders" of fine days, a remarkably

low-lying moon, a much milder temperature and some irresig-

nificant play-bills, to say nothing of skating carnivals and mysterious

masquerades, have made the last four hours can be had out of one day.

If—yes—New York had only some chance for clean streets, what glorious times our amusement seekers

might have! However, our Central Park has become an agree-

able pilgrimage for pleasure-loving pilgrims, Brooklyn has broken

many of the bonds of bigotry, Gowanus is going along bravely,

Bushwick is redeemed, Flatbush is erect, Hoboken is dignified, and

Bergen Hill is coming into line, on the grand platform of pub-

lic amusements, although Coney Island may be left out in the cold

for the present, and the four walls of a good theatre or concert

room must still retain their ever seasonable hold upon the patron-

age of all classes. Besides, good sportsmen never make any undue

noises until out of the woods. One swallow does not bring a sum-

mer. Not until we have all buttered up our longnecks with drinking

"good health to the memory of" St. Patrick, can we be sure of ex-

emption from heavy snow storms or frosty gales. Therefore, the

invertebrate play goer has the best of the fun, in wet or dry weather,

with or without his "heavy wet." Those who can get a peep at the

ladies in the daylight sunshine, and then see our professional divi-

dresses in the darkness, in the evening, has much to be thankful

for, apart from the usual "stated preaching" of the Drama. To

the ladies generally we may say—

"As half in shade, and half in sun,

This world along its path advances,

Oh, may that side the sun's upon,

Be that the shadow proper to your glances!"

To the veritable actress, we should not forget to add her position

way; 'very good,' and that is equivalent to another man's saying is splendid. Last night they produced there, 'first time in America' the pantomime 'Imia Beck, or the Pirate of the Archipelago.'

and Regiment Gymnasium, on Friday evening, 21st inst.

Forfeitures—* one for miss, † two for pocket, ‡ three for pocket.
The evening's entertainment was enhanced by a brush of

100

		KAVANAGH				DEERY			
		Comm.		Total.		Comm.		Total.	
1st.	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100
2d.	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	21
3d.	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
4th	39	39	39	39	39	39	39	39	39
5th	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
6th	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
7th	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
8th	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
9th	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
10th	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
11th	27	27	27	27	27	27	27	27	27
12th	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
13th	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
14th	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
15th	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
16th	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
17th	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
18th	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
19th	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
20th	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18

Features— one for mile two for pole three for post
 The "stair" catchment was changed by a brush of

into covering a universalism, was challenged by a woman of

